

Stranger Flings by FunYUNDERE

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Cunnilingus, Exhibitionism, Multi, Oral Sex, Plot Twist, Revenge, Vaginal Fingering, Vaginal Sex, Voyeurism, blowjob

Language: English

Characters: Jonathan Byers, Reader, Steve Harrington, Tommy H. (Stranger Things), You

Relationships: Jonathan Byers/Reader, Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington, Jonathan Byers/You, Steve Harrington/Reader, Steve Harrington/You, Tommy H./Reader, Tommy H./Steve Harrington, Tommy H./You

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Summary:

Imagines/reader-inserts for *Stranger Things*.

Stranger Flings

Summary for the Chapter:

Imagine after finding out about the photos, Steve makes Jonathan suck his dick in front of you.

Notes for the Chapter:

Request for someone on Tumblr.

“So, why are we waiting by Jonathan Byers’s car again?”

Nicole shot you another sympathetic look. She’d been doing that since Steve came to escort you to the parking lot. At first you assumed he was going to be a nice guy and invite the missing kid’s brother to hang out. But the inclusion of the other three felt off. You knew for a fact Carol and Tommy thought Byers was a total dweeb. And you weren’t well-acquainted with Nicole but you got the impression that she never really liked Will’s older sibling, either.

The two lovebirds were engrossed in each other. Steve was resting his butt mock-casually on the hood of the Ford Galaxie 500. You tried not to look too confused as Nicole kept glancing at you like she expected you to start crying. Before anyone could answer your question the Ford’s owner appeared.

“Hey, man,” your boyfriend greeted as he hopped to his feet.

“What’s going on?”

“That’s what I want to know,” you replied, hoping Jonathan found your tone jovial. “Nicole here was, uh, telling us about your work,” continued Steve. “We’ve heard great things,” Carol trilled and her boyfriend mockingly added, “Yeah, sounds cool.”

“And we’d just love to take a look, you know-” Steve took a second to breathe out and give you a glance. “-as connoisseurs of art.”

The hard look on his face as he finished speaking made your heartbeat faster. The other boy had fucked up somehow.

"I don't know what you're talking about."

He tried to hurry to his car but Tommy snatched his backpack. *Jonathan*, you thought, *what did you draw?*

You weren't sure you wanted that question answered so you tried to ignore the conversation going on around you. If the others weren't there you would've asked Steve if you could leave.

"Oh, *man*."

"Let me see." Tommy was eager to find out what juiciness lay in the bag. "*Dude*."

Oh, right, Nicole's a photographer. Again you tried to tune out. You failed when you heard Steve say, "This is called stalking."

"Who was he stalking?"

"You're the starring lady." Once those words left Tommy's smiling lips your heart dropped. His girlfriend explained, "This creep was spying on us last night. Probably going to save this one for later." Carol handed a photo to Nicole to pass to you.

Now the throbbing in your chest was almost painful as you realized you were holding a candid of the moment you lost your virginity. Your naked back was visible through the window as, off-camera, Steve ate you out. But there was no way anyone else here could know that, right? You just looked like you were undressing.

"*How? How could you...?*" you demanded of Jonathan. Both of your hands were gripping the photograph and you were so tempted to rip it up. But you thought of how much more satisfying it would be to report him. Nicole wordlessly retrieved the picture and you subconsciously wiped your hands on the sleeves of your shirt, like that would clean your hands of the sleaziness.

"See," explained your boyfriend, "you can tell he knows it was wrong but that's the thing about perverts. It's hardwired into 'em. You know, they just can't help themselves." You heard him angrily exhale again. "So at first I was thinking we just have to take away his toy."

“No, please-”

“But looking at ____, I think you really need it hammered in how much your sleazy shutterbugging hurt her.”

That made you look up. It was kind of a strange thing for Steve to say. Sure, your moister-than-usual eyes made it clear you felt more victimized than the others. But again something about the situation felt odd. You expected Steve to start ripping up the photos but instead he let them fall to the ground. The other girls did likewise.

“I think you need to know what it’s like to have your privacy violated,” your boyfriend decided as he reached forward to grab a handful of Jonathan’s crotch.

“Steve.”

Your gasp seemed to go unnoticed as the older Byers’s eyes bulged out. You looked over to Tommy, expecting him to ask what the hell was wrong with your man but he just chuckled. Carol’s mouth formed an O before morphing into a half-smile. The other half of those assembled were too shocked to wonder aloud what was wrong with the other three. It was starting to feel like one of your fantasies. The kind you were too ashamed of to write in a diary. Your beloved Steve Harrington had absolutely just groped a boy. In front of you. *For you.*

Tommy made no effort to hide how much he was relishing this. “You can’t report *that* to anyone.”

As Steve’s hands shot out you thought for a split second that Jonathan was going to get felt up again. Instead, they took hold of the pitiable stalker’s head. You wondered if your honor’s defender was going to forcibly makeout with him but what happened next was much worse. Steve looked down at him with an uncharacteristically cruel smile before pushing Jonathan’s head down. If your hand hadn’t clamped itself over your mouth you would have gasped again.

Jonathan was no longer too shocked to move as the stronger male attempted to force him to his knees. Just as the photographer started to shake himself out of your angry boyfriend’s grasp, Tommy strode

forward and placed a sneaker-clad foot on the back of the eldest Byers's head. He grimaced as his face was pressed against the bulge in Steve's jeans.

At that point you expected your boyfriend to let go. For Tommy to remove his foot and say, "Did you actually think you were going to have to *suck his dick*?" Even joking about whether or not Jon was hard was almost cruelty-free compared to a forced blowjob in front of four of your rapist's friends. From where you were standing you couldn't guess his state of arousal. You licked your lips.

"You know, in that picture of ____ you took I'm giving her head." There was no verbal response, only confused dread on the Byers boy's face as he looked up at Steve. "Not sure if you realized what we were doing or not but I'm sure if I'd had her pressed naked against a glass door you would have gotten a snapshot of *that*."

"Steve." The realization that the six of you were standing (or, in Jonathan's case, kneeling) in a high school parking lot made your heart sink even lower. "The game's about to start."

"Who cares?" countered Tommy. "If I don't get to see you get your pussy eaten by either of them, at least I get to see cocksucking involving Steve."

Why the hell would Tommy say that in front of the girl who had been his sweetheart since seventh grade? You looked over at her. Carol didn't seem to mind. She looked like she was about to burst out laughing. You also found the situation absurd. Just not in a way that was remotely mirthful.

Tommy: "Come on, ____, don't you want to see this weirdo get his?"

You did a quick scan of the visible school property and were dismayed to see that no one else was taking notice of Jonathan Byers's degradation. In fact, almost everyone else had cleared out.

"Yes, but shouldn't we tell a teache-?"

"Come on, ____," Steve assured you. There was no malicious grin. He looked benevolent and sounded almost reasonable. Or at least he

would have looked benevolent if his hand wasn't already wrapped around his free erection. "He's a pervert. He already knows what he did was wrong, now we just got to give him incentive not to do it again."

"He's a pervert." ("We.")

What does that make you?

And, with your silence, Steve pushed his throbbing member into the candid photographer's mouth. Tommy had since put his foot back on the asphalt. If someone had told you last night that Jonathan Byers would get the opportunity to blow Steve Harrington before you did...

Nicole turned to you, mouth hanging open, looking as uncomfortable as you felt. She was about to speak up but then looked down and stayed quiet. You were crossing and uncrossing your legs and rubbing your thighs together. Your eyes briefly skimmed across the debauchery in front of you. Jonathan didn't seem to know how to orally pleasure anyone but that didn't deter Steve, who was doing most of the work. Your boyfriend's fingers were digging into the other boy's scalp as he forced his thick appendage in as far as he could. Jonathan's eyes looked blank as his aching jaw was thrust into.

Would the owner of the gray Ford Galaxie 500 please be allowed to stop getting to third base against his will?

When you looked up you saw Tommy smiling at you. He chuckled at your awkwardly quirked lips. You wanted so badly for this just to be a wet dream. Later, you would think back to how you could have easily stopped this. Drawn attention to the fact you, Tommy, Carol, and maybe even Nicole were having a mental circlejerk in public. But at that moment you just continued pressing your thighs against each other. One hand wiped itself on the sleeve that covered your tattoo.

"...that's the thing about perverts. It's hardwired into 'em. You know, they just can't help themselves."

Your face felt like steam should be issuing from it. Despite that, it was a bit too cool out to be getting sweaty. Tommy went back to

enjoying the sight of his friend violating a disliked classmate. As more of your cum dripped into your panties, your nose discharged blood.

No one is ever going to bring up Jonathan Byers sucking Steve Harrington's dick, you thought as the spunk of the latter dribbled down the former's chin.

Later, after you noticed that the wind hadn't moved a single photograph off the ground, after you carefully slid the raciest shot back inside Jonathan's bag, after you threw a handful of tissues at the poor bastard's face before catching up with Steve (who helped clean up your face), after the stupid basketball game...

You invited Steve to your place that night. For your second time, Steve managed to give you two orgasms while he was inside you and a third one with his fingers. Afterwards, as you lay in his arms, you wondered what Jonathan was doing.

Notes for the Chapter:

tawneybelvedere.tumblr.com